GOOD NEWES and BAD NEWES.

By *S. R.*

LONDON,
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ſold at his Shop within the *Hoſpitall* gate
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To the Reader.

AS oftentimes as friend his friend doth meet,
And with ſalute each other kindly greet,
The ſecond ſpeech that commonly they vſe
Is to enquire ſtraight, *Pray, what Good newes?*
The eare for nouelties ſtill harkens out
After the tales which tongues doe ſpread about,
And many a one moſt wicked doth deuiſe,
To feed the world, with falſe deluding lies;
Becauſe men are ſo apt for to inquire,
And after rumours haue ſo great deſire:
But heer's no imitation of ſuch men,
Good newes, and bad, preſented by a pen,
That to your view ſuch humours doth preſent,
As by the good you may the bad preuent:
Heer's choiſe and change of both ſorts to be had,
Full of variety, Good newes, and Bad.

S. R.

An Epigram, vpon a ieſt of Will Sommers.

WILL SOMMERS, once vnto King *Harry* came,
And in a ſerious ſhew himſelfe did frame
To goe to *London*, taking of his leaue,
Stay *William*, (quoth the King) I doe perceiue
You are in haſte, but tell me your occaſion,
Let me preuaile thus, by a friends perſwaſion:
Quoth he if thou wilt know, Ile tell thee, Marry
I goe to *London* for Court newes old *Harry*.
Goeſt thither from the Court, to heare Court-Newes?
This is a tricke *Sommers*, that makes me muſe;
Oh yes (quoth *William*) Citizens can ſhow
Whats done in Court ere thou or I doe know.
If an Embaſſador be comming ouer,
Before he doe arriue and land at *Douer*,
They know his Maſters meſſage and intent
Ere thou canſt tell the cauſe why he is ſent.
If of a Parliament they doe but heare,
They know what lawes ſhall be enacted there:
And therefore for a while, adue *White-hall*,
Harry, Ile bring thee newes home, lyes and all.

It.

To Make-tale and Carry-tale.

IT were good newes to any honeſt minde,
That we could ſuch a reformation finde
Amongſt our wandring wits and giddy braines,
That they would ceaſe their ſottiſh idle vaines
Of intermedling (as they daily doe)
With things their calling hath no claime vnto.
Groſſe ignorance preſumptuouſly will prate
Of ſerious matters that concerne a State,
Dull vnderſtanding neuer heeds his owne,
But other mens affaires, that muſt be knowne,
Blockiſh-conceit, will boldly take in hand,
That he Church gouernment doth vnderſtand
To want (what he hath need of) *Reformation*,
And this is growne to ſuch a graceleſſe faſhion,
That we the common cuſtome may forbeare
Vs'd when men meet, *What's the good newes you heare?*
And to another queſtion may proceed,
What lies abroad? and then y'are ſure to ſpeed.
You ſhall haue them by whole ſale quickly vented,
'Tis wondrous ſtrange how people are contented

To Make-tale and Carry-tale.

To haue themſelues deluded in this ſort,
By euery flying fained falſe report;
How itching eares doe entertaine all ſtuffe,
If it be named *Newes* t'is good enough.
One ſaies a traueller (a friend of his)
Is new come home, and he hath told him this.
Another ſaies as he in Paules did walke,
He heard the newes whereof two Knights did talke:
Another he hath newes is very rare,
And heard it ſitting in a Barbers chaire:
Another he is furniſh'd very ſtrange,
With newes new taken vp at the Exchange.
And thus about from man to man it flies,
Was neuer ſuch an age for telling lies.
Make-tale, and *Carry-tale*, a worke are ſet,
Father of lies hath caught them in his net,
They are his owne and he emploies them ſtill,
And ſo I leaue them to his curſed will.
The good Newes and the Bad, that here is told,
Both take foundation on a better hold,
For when this booke is ouer read by you,
I'le lay the price, you will confeſſe t'is true.

Good Newes.

A Wealthy Citizen that di'd of late,
Did leaue his wife a very great eſtate,
Sũm'd vp in Thouſands to her hearts content:
All ſorts of ſuters to this widow went;
As Courtiers, Lawyers, Citizens, Diuines:
But ſhe vnto a Gallant Knight inclines,
And would be Madam'd, Worſhip'd, Ladiſide,
And in the Leather-carted faſhion ride.
The match was made, the marriage conſummate,
Her Ladiſhip was grac'd, in pompe and ſtate,
With all content vnto her hearts deſire,
So brauely proud, that all her friends admire.
Their old acquaintance quite aſide was layd,
Her worſhip highly ſcorn'd ſhop-keeping trade:
Friends, kinſfolkes, neighbours, are inferiour all,
She much diſdaines, *What lacke ye*, at a ſtall.

Bad Newes.

Fle vpon giddie Fortune, and her wheele,
Vnconſtant, and as ſlipperie as an Eele:
From Kitchin-maid, to Miſtris ſhe aroſe,
From miſtris vnto Madam, vp ſhe goes:
And there a yeare or two ſits Lady ſwagger,
Then turnes about, and ſends her downe to begger.
Her deareſt Knight (whom ſo ſhe iuſt may call)
What with his debts, and what with *Haue at all*,
Lay hidden like a ſauage in his den,
For feare of Bayliffes, Sergeants, Marſhals men:
And ſhe doth on her Virginals complaine,
I waile in woe, my Knight doth *plunge in paine*.

Good Newes.

A Vſurer met late with a Diuine,
At a friends houſe, where they together dine,
And entring good diſcourſe, the Preacher tooke
Occaſion to condemne out of Gods booke,

The

Good Newes.

The ſinfull trade that money-mongers vſe,
Beginning with Gods Law vnto the *Iewes*;
And ſo throughout all ages, how the beſt
Of holy men did vſurie deteſt:
And that there neuer any Saint hath bin,
Would venter ſoule vpon that wicked ſin.
The Vſurer that heard his zealous ſpeech,
Repented, and Gods mercy did beſeech;
In his defence not knowing what to ſay,
But free confeſt his heart had gone aſtray:
And from that day would reſtitution make,
And ten i'th Hundred vtterly forſake:
To Hoſpitals moſt liberall he would giue,
To priſ'ners, that in miſerie doe liue.
Almes-houſes for the poore he will haue made,
And repaire Churches, ruinous decay'd:
High wayes and bridges he would likewiſe mend,
And bountifull beneuolence extend
To ſchooles of learning, yea would thouſands giue
To pious vſe, while he had time to liue.
And ſo deteſting damned vſury,
Learne euery day vnto the world to die.

Bad Newes.

After he did this godly motion chuſe,
He walking home, where ſitting in a muſe,
His man comes in, and to him ſadly ſpoke,
Sir, he you ſent me to this morning's broke.
Hee's gone for *Ireland* the Neighbours ſay,
And what he owes neuer intends to pay.
Another of his ſeruants commeth in,
And tels him as bad newes where he had bin:
One that ſhould pay fiue hundred pounds together,
Had taken *Ludgate*, and was new gone thither.
Now out vpon them Villaines both, he ſaid,
Is this a world t'haue reſtitution made?
Giue vnto Hoſpitals that will for me,
And tarry Knaues in priſon where you be.
Build Almes-houſes, you that haue mind thereto,
I with my coyne haue ſomewhat elſe to doe.
Mend Bridges, you that ouer bridges goes,
For you ſhal make no bridge (friends) of my noſe.
And for your Churches with decayed wall,
Get Briefes and begge, or let your Churches fall.
Mine owne's mine owne, vpon my ſelfe to ſpend;
Ile truſt to none, Gold's my aſſured friend.

Lady

Good Newes.

LAdy, thou ſhalt not lacke while I haue land,
Money we will haue ready at command.
The wealthy Citizen is my Caſſeere,
The foole has mony, and Ile ſell him deare.
How braue I ſold the Farme a month agoe,
Oh that I had good ſtore to vtter ſo.
This ready money giues a man content,
For Tenants come but lingring in with Rent:
When I for Hundreds haue a preſent vſe,
And aske to borrow, ſtraight ther's an excuſe,
I cannot ſir, I haue it not to ſpare,
It makes me ſcorne fellowes that are ſo bare:
Ile haue my purſe with money furniſh'd ſtill,
Sell Medow, paſture, arable, I will;
And ſo be ready for to make ſupply,
Gentilities beſt ornaments to buy.
Weele haue a Coach, like Chariot of the *Sunne*,
With hautie Horſes, for our Iades be done.
New Sutes for thee and I, at leaſt ſome ten
New Liueries for all our Seruing-men.
And thus to credit Madam weele aſcend,
That vulgar ſort our worſhips may commend.

Bad Newes.

SIr *Nimble-touch* makes his poſſeſſions flie,
And on his ready money doth relie:
Heele be admir'd for brauery, out of hand,
And where his father left him ſpacious land,
A iourney to him, for to walke about,
He by a nimble policy found out,
To ſhorten tedious ſteps ore bridge and ſtile,
And bring his land in compaſſe of a mile.
A pretty walke to giue himſelfe content,
And ſaue much trouble in receiuing rent.
But now his worſhip hath much charged him
With laying out, hauing no comming in,
And finds moſt true what he before did ſay,
That ready money euer will away.
Now land is ſold, and money gone in goods,
He cals out, *Andrew*, I am in the ſuddes;
I had good tenements, I had faire land,
But of that ſute, others haue cleer'd my hand.
And I am left *A melancholy Knight*,
As *Ploydon* ſayd, *The caſe is alter'd quite*:
What remedy gainſt *Fortunes* raging fits,
But liue like other lacke-lands, by my wits?

Good Newes.

TWo canting rogues, that old conſorts had bin,
And cage, and ſtockes, met often kindly in:
That had beene ſharers long and many a day
Of what they got vpon the common way,
Did accidentall at an alehouſe meet,
And in this manner one another greet;
What *Roger*, well met rogue, old fellow begger,
When did we two like boone companions ſwagger,
As we haue done, thou knowſt in youthfull prime,
How doeſt thou thriue mad ſlaue this farthing time?
This copper age, what, come they roundly in?
Yes faith, the trade hath neuer better bin.
Pence, and few giuers we had heretofore,
But farthings now, and giuers theres good ſtore,
Men, Women, ſeruants, Children, all are able,
I tell thee fellow, this is comfortable.
There's neuer a day that I abroad doe roame,
But I bring copper like a Tinker home.
Knocke for *Tobacco*, call for ale, hang ſorrow,
God bleſſe you Maſter, will bring more to morrow.

Thus

Bad Newes.

THus at their ale, and pipe of ſmoother ſitting,
And boaſting each to other of their getting,
Within ſhort time they plyde the liquor ſo,
As drunke as beggers both, they could not goe,
And fell to quarrell of old matters done
When they their begging partnerſhip begun;
Thou cheat'ſt me once of twenty pence quoth one,
Vnto thy conſcience it is plainly knowne:
I cheat (quoth he) thou lyeſt in thy throat,
Thy company hath coſt me many a groat:
Thou canſt not ſay that I haue cut a purſe,
Thou haſt broke into houſes, and done worſe,
Stolne ſheets from hedges, broke vp doores by night
And deſeru'd hanging, if thou hadſt thy right.
With that together by the eares they fall,
The Conſtable on tother ſide the wall
Was drinking with a friend, and for aid knockes,
To carry drunken beggers to the ſtockes;
From thence he ſent them to another coaſt,
And made their paſport from the whipping poſt.

Good Newes.

A Shepheard ſitting on a pleaſant banke,
In Summer Sun-ſhine where the graſſe grew rancke,
And natures paintments, red, and yellow, blew,
With colours plenty round about him grew,
Eſpide at ſea a gallant ſhip did ſaile
With calme, and mild, and fauourable gale.
Oh (quoth the ſhepheard) what a pleaſant thing,
To ſee a veſſell with a canuaſe wing
Glide on the waters, fly vpon the flouds,
And coaſt from place to place, with man and goods:
Ile be no longer land-man on this hill,
But Ile to ſea, let him keepe ſheepe that will.
So ſelling all his cattell at good rates,
Turnes marchant, fraughts a barke with figs and dates.
Buyes pen-worths, better not in ſeuen yeare,
And vnderſtands where he may ſell goods deare.
So taking leaue with friends he vow'd and ſwore,
He was a foole to ſtay ſo long a ſhore.

Bad Newes.

IMagine now our ſhepheard's vnder ſaile,
Where raging ſtormes, and tempeſts ſo preuaile,
The ſhip, with all the goods is caſt away,
And the young merchant begger'd in a day,
Comes poorely home, from *Neptunes* raging deepe.
And takes his trade againe, of keeping ſheepe;
And ſitting penſiue on the graſſie ſhore,
He ſpied a ſhip came ſayling as before,
In mild calme weather on a ſunſhine-day,
Whereat he ſhooke his head, and thus did ſay,
I once had wealth, and got an honeſt gaine,
In my content of calling taking paine:
My flocks did proſper, and my ſelfe did thriue,
Till ſuch a flattring ſhow did make me ſtriue
To get ſea fortunes, which I now repent,
That had enough, and could not liue content,
But God bleſſe all Maſters and Maſters mates,
And farewell ſhip, Ile deale no more with Dates.

An

Good Newes.

AN ancient bachelour did long forbeare
Becauſe of houſhold charge he ſtood in feare;
And would not marry, till he heard of one
Was ſtor'd with money, but of children none,
Good huſwife, and moſt ſparing of her purſe,
She ſhoud be his, *For better, and for worſe.*
Thus looking out, and ſearching with a care,
To haue a wealthy match vnto his ſhare,
At length vpon a wench he chaunc'd to light,
Childleſſe, and rich, vnto his humour right,
As greedy as himſelfe being wholly bent,
And heer's a match vnto his hearts content:
He doth reioyce and boaſt amongſt his friends,
That his good fortunes to ſuch height extends,
For ſuch a compleat wife, from head to foot,
He would not change for thouſands giuen to boot.
And thus with ioy he doth imbrace his Bride,
Holding himſelfe riſen vpon right ſide,
That he had grace ſo luckily to chuſe,
Oh Ioyfull happy admirable newes.
You bachelors, beware take heed (he ſaid)
Let no young man run raſhly on a mayd:

Bad Newes.

Thei'r proud and poore, and muſt be long a wooing,
Then proue bad huſwiues to a mans vndoing.
But take a widow to augment thy ſtate,
That hath good leaſes, houſhold ſtuffe and plate,
Gold, linnen, woollen, pewter, and good braſſe,
And welcome widow, Tut a maydes an aſſe.

Bad Newes.

THe bachelor, (after his wooing paines)
Maries the widow with her golden gaines,
And liue together louing man and wife,
Some fortnight after ere they fell to ſtrife.
But two weekes paſt grew ſuch a ſtormy ſhower,
He neuer ſaw calme weather till this hower.
His name of *Iohn* is turned into *Iacke*,
She tels him, that her mony cloathes his backe:
And that he was a needy raſcall knaue,
And ſhe hath made a man of ſuch a ſlaue.

Her

Good Newes.

Her words (laſt weeke) of loue, ſweet hart, and ioy,
Are turn'd to villain, rogue, and beardleſſe boy,
And tells him further that it is her ſhame,
That ſhe hath grac'd him with a husbands name,
Being vnworthy wretch to wipe her ſhooes:
Friends this is bad, and yet we haue worſe newes;
For tis too true (as all the neighbours knows)
From rayling words ſhe fals to ſwaggring blowes,
And ſcratcht his face, in fury broke his head,
Yea in her choler kickt him out of bed.
He ſhall not walke before her in the ſtreets,
Nor meet with her betweene a paire of ſheets.
She is his better, many a degree,
And vowes her beſt bags he ſhall neuer ſee.
Heer's a braue match for mony, is it not?
This bachelor hath a rich widow got.
But he doth wiſh, in griefe and anguiſh pang'd,
That he were buried, or his wife were hang'd.
And now a maid, as poore as poore may be,
Is worth ten thouſand widowes, ſuch as ſhe.

Good Newes.

WHen countrey *Nanne*, the milkemaid-laſſes left,
Shee came to London very neat and deft,
To ſeeke preferment, and her fortunes raiſe,
Being indeed (as all the pariſh ſaies)
A handſome wench and likely to doe well,
If with a London Miſtris ſhe might dwell,
Euen according to her hearts content
Into a right good ſeruice *Annis* went:
As good a Miſtris as ſhe could deſire,
And as good wages as ſhe did require.
After ſhe two yeares kitchin mayd had ſerud'd,
So well by her good cariage ſhe deſeru'd,
That to be chamber maid ſhe did aſcend,
And therewithall her wages much did mend,
Now like a Gentlewoman ſhe doth goe,
And countrey maids admire to ſee her ſo,
Telling their friends, with all the ſpeed they can,
They will be Londoners like Miſtreſſe *Anne*.

Heigh

Bad Newes.

HEigh ho, bad newes as euer came to towne,
From London to the countreys caried downe;
Alas poore wench, a ſcuruy ſeruing man
Has (out vpon him) bin with countrey *Nan*,
And giuen her ſuch a knauiſh ouerthrow,
She is as bigge as euer ſhe can goe:
The caſe is alter'd, 'twill no more be ſaid,
There goes the kitchin or the chamber maid;
But this is ſhe changed (the world knowes how)
From maid that was to be a ſeruant now.
And that ſame wicked fellow that did this,
Doth vow and ſweare the Childe is none of his,
But ſets it light, and makes thereof a ſcoff,
And thinkes in Knauery thus to bob her off:
But heele be talkt withall ere one moneth ends,
For the poore wench hath ſent for all her friends,
And then it will be proued plaine, at lagre
That hees the man muſt beare the Nurſing charge.
Since *Nans* Virginity paſt help is loſt,
They'l teach him what a maidenhead will coſt,
What law will doe he ſhall be ſure to finde,
Becauſe he beares ſuch baſeneſſe in his minde.

Meane-

Meane while, be it a daughter or a ſonne,
No remedy, it is ſo lately done.
Nans Maſter and her Miſtreſſe both abhor it,
But what ſayes ſhe? *They cannot hang her for it.*

Good Newes.

GOod newes is come for Goodman Groutnols ſonne,
His wretched father with the world hath done:
Dead as a dog that lieth in a ditch,
And now the youth meanes to goe thorough ſtitch,
And be a gallant in his golden daies,
His father was a ſimple man he ſaies:
For though he gather'd ſtore of worldly pelfe,
Why yet he did not vnderſtand himſelfe,
He was for profit euermore prepar'd,
But for Gentility he neuer car'd.
A plaine blunt fellow ſtill a plodding an,
But *Chriſtopher* will be another man.

He

Good Newes.

He will not haue his armes a moneth to ſeeke,
For he hath beene with Heraulds but laſt weeke,
And will haue ſomething for himſelfe to ſhew,
Although it be a Cuckoe or a Crow:
Nay, and perhaps (if all things fall out right)
He may before he goes to graue, turne Knight,
But he will make no boaſting, let that reſt,
Kit will be euer Iouiall as the beſt:
His father was a good old man he ſaies,
And for his death, he giues God heartie praiſe.

Bad Newes.

NOw for the citie is young Groutnoll bound,
Where humors for to grace him may be found:
Firſt he muſt learne to dance, and dance he will,
Then to the noble ſcience for ſome skill,
If any roaring boy ſhould chance to ſwagger,
And challenge him at rapier and at dagger,

Bad Newes.

In Tauernes then his credit muſt appeare,
Where ſtill his purſe doth all the reckoning cleare,
Dinners and ſuppers, drunken healths to any,
He doth diſcharge the bils vnto a pennie,
To ſharkes, that are his daily feaſting friends
He giues, maintaines, and what they'le borrow lends
Falls in with cheaters that can cog a Die,
And ſtill his open purſe lets money flie:
And thus he reuels it ſtill ſpending on,
As if he were in haſte, to ſee all gon,
Which by his lauiſh hand, being brought to paſſe,
His conſorts cenſure him an idle aſſe,
A gull that ſuffer'd all men to deceaue him,
And ſo vnto the Counter-hole they leaue him.

Good Newes.

FRiends I proteſt by my Gentilitie,
Your Citie's full of rare ciuilitie:
Where I haue beene moſt brauely vs'd of late,
By worthy citizens, as I'le relate:

Since

Good Newes.

Since my arriuall out of forraine parts,
In meaſure, farre beyond my poore deſarts,
I cannot paſſe through any ſtreet or lane
But bare-head curteſie doth entertaine
My worſhip with what lacke you, wondrous kinde:
And credit with all ſorts of trades I finde,
My word for wares they neuer yet forſooke,
But take my hand familiar to their booke.
I goe my ſelfe, or ſend by any token,
'Tis ready ere the meſſage be half ſpoken,
Much in commodities I could proceed,
More then my vſe hath any cauſe to need,
Therefore I'le trie my further credit rather
With ten ith'hundred, that old pennie father;
To ſhop-mens bookes my hand no more will deale,
I am for Scriueners now, with hand and ſeale.

Bad Newes.

WHat hungrie fellowes doth the citie breed?
That will not ſpare a Gentleman in's need,
But euen by meere extremities doe ſtriue,
And gape as they would eat a man aliue:

Bad Newes.

My London lodgings are all haunted ſo
With wicked ſpirits, that I am faine to goe
Into the Suburbes, there to ſeeke ſome charme,
That may ſecure me from the catchpoles harme;
And there by chance I met with a conceit,
Which in my minde I daily muſt repeat.
All Grocers ſpice you freely may imbrace,
Only take heed you touch not of the Mace,
Nor is it for your freedom's eaſe and good
To walke the ſtreet, that's call'd by name of *Wood*,
Poultrie refraine, for thats a meat will binde you,
And of all ſeekers, let not Sarieants finde you:
Keepe backe your feet from their *In-countring waies*,
For they'le ſalute you with a frightfull phraſe
As, *Gentleman, at ſuch a ſuit I reſt you*,
This vexing word will very much moleſt you.

Good Newes.

GOod lucke's, good newes a man would thinke it were,
And heer's a tale of good-lucke you ſhall heare,

One

Good Newes.

One had a *Legacie* of fortie pound
Which came in cleere, as if 'twere money found:
This he imployes in diuers kinde of things,
Which benefit vnto the buyer brings.
For all he bought it was exceeding cheape,
Double and treble profit he did reape;
A horſe, for which he did but fiue pound pay
Was ſold for fifteene, ready coine, next day.
Sutes of apparell, cloakes, and ſtore of plate,
Great penny-worths and at an eaſie rate;
Pawnes came in plentie, vpon bills of ſale
Made lawfull purchaſe, if the pay-day faile.
Thus in ſhort time beginning with a gift
Of fortie pound, he made ſuch ſhuffling ſhift,
He was a man of hundreds in account,
And did in termes of credit ſo amount,
Within the pariſh he a great ſway bore,
Which made them wonder, knew him baſe before;
That in ſo ſhort a time, wealth flow'd ſo faſt,
And begger got on horſebacke in ſuch haſte.

Bad Newes.

THe ſpeech is true, *Experience* proues no leſſe,
That goods ill gotten meet with ill ſucceſſe;
Where God doth bleſſe, happie abundance ſprings,
And greatneſſe growes, of many little things:
But whereas wealth by wicked meanes is bred,
A curſe will fall vpon the getters head.
For all the bargaines that this wretch had made,
Was out of theeuing, and of brokers trade:
Stolne goods were ſold vnto him at beſt hand,
Vpon deare price his chapmen did not ſtand,
Becauſe it coſt them only but the taking,
And it is term'd cloake, cup, or linnen making:
I made (ſaies one) this ruffe, this ſword, this hat,
So what the Broker bought, the theeues made that.
But after this ſame making comes a marring:
The prouerb ſaies, when theeues doe fall to iarring,
By that meanes true-men doe regaine their owne,
And this is often manifeſtly knowne:
Contention comes, and that ſo ouerſwaies them,
The *Deuill* owes a ſhame, and then he paies them.

Good

Good Newes.

FRom *Neptunes* rough encountring dreadfull deepe;
And *Eolus*, that ſtormie quoile doth keepe:
With furious blaſts amids the liquid waues,
Making the waters winding ſheetes and graues:
A Merchant did in ſafetie retire,
And brought home goods, which to his hearts deſire
He ſold for profit, and for readie pay:
But in the time that he had beene away,
He found, (to his exceeding chiefeſt ioy)
His wife deliuer'd of a gallant boy.
Which neuer in her life had childe before,
This did enlarge his gladſome heart the more,
To finde his fortunes were ſo faire and good,
As firſt eſcape the *Ocean's* raging flood:
With extreme hazard of his goods and life,
And then receiue ſuch welcome from his wife;
As husband, here behold your maſter-prize,
This little boy that hath thine owne gray eies:
Unto it, let thy kindeſt loue be ſhowne,
For on my credit (*Sweet-hart*) 'tis thine owne.

Bad

Bad Newes.

THis gladſome father, and reioycing mother
With much contentment doe inioy each other:
Their little one doth ſuch affection ſeale,
And euery hurt of their diſtaſte doth heale,
Nor thought, nor word, nor deed did paſſe betweene
The parents, not a cloudie looke was ſeene,
Vntill a goſſip of the gaggling crew
Into a humour of contention grew
With her familiar friend, the merchants wife,
Reuenging of her quarrell with their ſtrife.
And told the husband ſhe did greatly doubt
That he was mightie wrong'd, (if truth came out)
I will not (quoth ſhe) for a thouſand pound
A makebate 'twixt a man an's wife be found:
But I know ſomewhat that would breed a ſcabbe,
Yet pardon me I neuer was a blabbe,
We know that little ſaid is ſoone amended,
The blinde eates many a flie, what's paſt is ended,
Theſe queniſh termes ſuch iealouſie allur'd,
He grew horne mad, and ſtill remaines vncur'd.

Good

Good Newes.

A Haſtie fellow of a froward nature,
Was maried to a mild and gentle creature,
Which was moſt willing to content him ſtill;
But he of diſpoſition was ſo ill,
With eu'ry trifle he a fault would finde,
Which made his wife intreat him very kinde,
That he in writing would his minde explaine,
What things ſhe ſhould performe, and what refraine:
He was content, and writ his wife a booke,
And bade her often thereupon to looke,
For in the ſame he plainly had expreſt
What ſhe ſhould practiſe to content him beſt:
And matters that diſpleas'd him to omit,
She very kindly gaue him thankes for it,
Vowing ſhe would a willing ſcholler be
To learne thoſe leſſons did with peace agree,
Which ſhe in memorie would ſtill retaine,
And croſſe the deuill in his make-bate veine:
All ſtormy tempeſts ſhall be mildly laid,
I'le pleaſe my husband now by booke ſhe ſaid.

Bad Newes.

THe world being now a little better mended,
To walke and ſee a friend they both intended,
Some two mile out of towne, and merrie make,
So frolique, till the husbands cap did ake,
And he muſt needs (at euening ſomewhat late)
Returne home reeling with a drunken pate:
No friends perſwaſions could with him preuaile
To ſleepe away the head-ach of the ale,
But home quoth he, come wife, we're homeward bound,
I like old *Harry*, meane to ſtand my ground,
And ſo along goes drunkard, thorow ſtitch,
Vntill he came vnto a ſcuruie ditch:
Into the ſame downe from the bridge he falls,
And then, helpe wife, a hand ſweet wife he calls,
Husband (quoth ſhe) to helpe forth ditch or brooke,
As I remember is not in my booke,
And therefore firſt I will goe home and ſee
Before you get a helping hand of me;
If it be written I ſhall lend a liſt,
I'le doe it willing, elſe your ſelfe ſhall ſhift.

Good

Good Newes.

A Sutor, that a wealthy widow pli'd,
To grace out his bad fortunes did prouide
Vpon his credit, for an outward ſhow,
That gallantly he might a wooing goe,
His hat new block'd, and golden banded too,
His Ruffe he wore like ſome *Sir reuerence doe:*
His ſuit the Tailor truſted him withall;
For ſword and ruſſet bootes, he in did fall
With Cutler, and the gentle cratt: Beſide
He had a gallant gelding to beſtride,
That grac'd his worſhip abone all the reſt,
Eſteem'd to be a twenty pounds-worth beaſt;
And all that was his carcaſſe outward caſe,
(Except his bodkin beard and naked face)
Were freely come to hand, by *Beſt-be-truſt*,
His brauery might be compared iuſt
Vnto the bird trim'd vp in th'ancient tale,
Had each their plumes, then naked as my naile
Well, to the widow now we let him ride,
And bid him welcome home on'tother ſide.

Bad Newes.

BEing ariued at his wiſhed port,
He doth begin, moſt eloquent to court,
And makes account by inkhorne tearmes to get
One to maintaine him, and diſcharge his debt,
But ſhee's a wench hath wit to hold him too't,
And ouerthrowes her louer horſe and foot,
Telling him that her ſelfe, and her eſtate
Is not to be obtain'd with verball prate
Of loue, and fancie, by the gods decreed:
Therefore beſtow it pray on ſome that need:
I haue a friend whoſe loue and faith I know,
Y'are welcome ſir, there's all I can beſtow.
With that ſhe leaues him and departs away;
Surely (quoth he) this is no wooing day,
Some ſcuruy Planet is become my foe,
That at the firſt I ſhould haue this croſſe blow:
Well, I will trie another widow yet,
And if no better comfort I doe get,
In ſpight of Fortune, (looke ſhe ne're ſo grim)
My horſe I'le riffle, though I borrow'd him.

Good

Good Newes.

Fortune was conſtant in vnconſtancie,
The ſecond widow gaue him the denie,
More ſcornfull and diſgracefull then the firſt,
Which made the woer ſweare he was accurſt
To venture all the credit that he had,
And be ſo brauely to the faſhion clad:
Yet ſtill reiected, being a proper man,
(Though good for nothing) did reſolue him than
To haue a rifling for his borrow'd beaſt,
And get ſome twentie pound by th'hand at leaſt,
Retires to *London*, ſingles out an *Inne*,
Inuites all his acquaintance, friends and kinne,
That of all loues they would on ſuch a day
Be ſure to meet him, without all delay,
He had a Gelding coſt him fiftie pound,
A brauer beaſt did neuer pace on ground;
And he ſhould ſpoile him being too too free,
A moſt rancke rider, (as braue gallants be)
And therefore he was willing to forgoe-him,
And euen amongſt their fortunes to beſtow-him.

Bad Newes.

THe rifling time being come that he had ſet,
His friends according to their promiſe met,
A great aſſembly, a good ſupper made,
And eu'ry one his ventur'd money pai'd,
To his content: thought he, why here's good doing:
Why this is better farre then ſcuruy wooing,
Betoyl'd about a wife, and cannot get her,
Widowes be hang'd, for I like horſe fleſh better.
But ſee the miſchiefe fortunes ſpight did bring,
To make his rifling a meere trifling thing:
No ſooner they to throw the dice begin,
But comes the owner with a Serieant in;
And claimes the gelding which was at the ſtake,
This did amongſt them an amazement make,
For euery man his money backe did claime,
Which was returned with a cheating ſhame;
Oh ſcuruy world, quoth he, how croſſe things goes,
The next will be the Tailor, for my clothes:
My wooing ouerthrowne, my horſe play marr'd,
As I am Gentleman, this nips me hard.

Epigram.

EPIGRAM.

TWo that had beene aboord a Burdeux barke,
Came reeling thorow Ratcliff in the darke,
And to ſecure them from al ſtumbling harme
They linckt together louing arme in arme;
But as they came along the grauell pit,
The one of them got ſuch a reeling fit,
That from his fellow downe the banke he fell,
And lying on his backe, cri'd, *Hey da Nell:*
Why here's a towne is e'ne well gouern'd right,
Keepe open ſeller doores this time a night?
Where art thou *Robin*, to his fellow calling?
Who vp the banke, thorow the dirt was crawling.
Marry (quoth he) I knocke and call for beere,
And there is not a rogue will anſwer here,
Therefore as true as this good light doth ſhine
I am a climing to pull downe their ſigne:
And I am ſearching all the ſeller here,
To finde the taps and let out all the beere,
The knaues ſhall know they haue not vs'd vs well,
Why here's a towne braue gouern'd, *Hey da Nell.*

Epigram.

A Ruin'd gallant, in's declining age,
Calling his life in queſtion, in a rage
Did vow, and ſweare, and to himſelfe proteſt,
He was a villaine, ſlaue, a bruitiſh beaſt:
Such *Sun-ſhine* fortunes as his daies had knowne,
And might haue free inioy'd them as his owne,
To let them paſſe with *Time*, and glide away,
And no ſure hold vpon good hap to lay,
I might haue had a widow once (quoth he)
That would haue made at leaſt a Knight of me,
And like a gull, a whorſon coxcome aſſe,
Vnto another foole I let her paſſe:
I might haue had an office, that would cleere
Haue brought me in two hundred pound a yeare,
And liu'd at eaſe, gone vp and downe to braue it;
But like a gooſe, I let another haue it:
I might haue had good land to liue vpon,
But like a Woodcocke all is ſold, and gone:
I might haue beene a ſcholler, learn'd my Grammar,
But I haue loſt all like a Ninnie-hammer.

Epigram.

Epigram.

Experience out of obſeruation ſaies,
Six ſorts of people keepe their faſting daies,
Which if you will in order haue them knowne,
Then thus they are diſtinguiſh't euery one.
The ſicke man faſts becauſe he cannot eat,
The poore man faſts becauſe he wanteth meat,
The miſer faſts, with greedy minde to ſpare,
The glutton faſts, to eat a greater ſhare;
The Hypocrite, he faſts to ſeeme more holy,
The vertuous man to puniſh ſinfull folly:
But at all theſe, the drunkard in his quaffing,
In ſcoffing manner doth deride them laughing,
And ſaies, I am for none of all theſe ſix,
Faſt they, or feed, I am for drinking tricks:
With *Pipe* and *Pinte*, I entertaine my diet,
Sacke and Tobacco, keepes my ſtomacke quiet;
I doe not care for ouer-cloying diſhes,
So that I may attaine to theſe two wiſhes,
The *Vintner* ſtill to draw me of the beſt,
And when the reckoning comes, why let that reſt.

Epigram.

HOw am I vex't, that muſt keepe in a dore,
Only for feare to pay a Tapſters ſcore!
A ſlaue that's bound in conſcience to forbeare,
For I haue grac'd his houſe in lying there:
But I haue vow'd reuenge, the villaine dies,
Only my weapon at the Cutlers lies,
And I doe linger to redeeme it thence:
Beere and Tobacco is my moſt expence,
A lowſie lodging and a ſcuruy diet,
And this it is, which puts me out of quiet.
It is againſt my conſcience for to pay him,
I can ſhew reaſon why I doe delay him.
My diet, euer ouer-roſt, or raw,
My cans were alwaies nick againſt the law,
My waſhing and my winging was but baſe,
And I count all worth nothing, here's the caſe,
Yet there be Seriants waite me for arreſt,
In-countring fellowes, which I ill digeſt,
Oh that another mad horſe there would be,
To catch the Seriant would be catching me.

Epigram.

Gilbert, this gloue I ſend thee from my hand,
And challenge thee to meet on *Calis* ſand,
On this day moneth reſolue I will be there,
Where thou ſhalt finde my fleſh I will not feare.
My Cutler is at worke both day and night,
To make the ſword wherewith I meane to fight:
If I doe faile thee, at the time and place,
Account me to deſcend of cowards race;
If thou neglect, and doe not meet me then,
Ile make thee odious vnto *Martiall* men.
This challenge paſt, the challenger at *Douer*,
Imbarks for *Calis*, and being halfe way ouer,
Grew mighty ſea-ſicke, and did backe retire,
Hauing by vomit purg'd out all his Ire:
Oh wretch (quoth he) to quarrell moſt accurſt,
My heart doth faint, my very gall doth burſt.
I was a villaine to intend this fight;
But if I doe eſcape this fearefull flight,
Vnto the field a farewell I will giue,
And nere draw ſword in anger while I liue.

Epigram.

A Pocket-picker moſt exceeding braue
(For true mens purſes did maintaine the knaue)
In ſute of Sattin, cloake with Veluet lin'de,
His golden hatband, guilded rapier ſhin'd,
His ruſſet bootes, and ſpurs, in all compleat,
Which he maintain'd, by pilfring theft, and cheat;
Being at aſſiſes in a country towne,
And ſtanding neere a ſeely ſimple clowne,
With bold audacious, and outfacing looke
The ruſticks purſe out of his pocket tooke,
Who very fearefull of his furious ſhow,
Shrunke backe amongſt the throng and let him goe.
Within a little ſpace a crie was made,
A cut-purſe, cut-purſe, all the people ſaid,
When he that loſt his purſe the noiſe did heare,
He thrung'd among the crowd and got him neere,
And ſaid (when he perceiued proofes made duely)
My Lords, his *Worſhip* had my purſe too, truly.
They ſmiling ſaid, In ſigne that we abhor it,
Wee'le be ſo bold as hang his worſhip for it.

Epigram.

A Fellow that had beene exceſſiue trading,
In taking liquor in beyond his lading,
Of Claret, and the Spaniſh *Malligo*,
That's legs vnable were vpright to goe;
But ſometime wall, and ſometime kennell taking,
And as the phraſe is vs'd, Indentures making;
Was met with by a moſt vnhappy boy,
That at the drunkards ſight did greatly ioy,
To put a ieſt vpon the reeling mome,
Hauing a birding peece to carry home:
He with the ſame doth thus begin his ieſt,
Preſenteth it againſt the drunkards breſt,
And leuels at him, making fire fly,
The drunkard lowd, did murder, murder, cry;
Oh cruell rogue, and bloudy ſlaue quoth he,
Helpe, helpe, this villaine meanes to murder me;
Sir (quoth the boy) you greatly doe miſtake,
This needleſſe clamour, and outcries to make,
I doe proteſt I meane your ſelfe no harme,
I only ſhoote the fox vnder your arme.

Epigram.

WHen *Hodge* comes home, hee'le tell his vather newes
Shall make the good old clowne admire and muſe;
For he hath memory ſo able ſtrong,
Shall finde him tales for all the winter long;
He came not vp in vaine to London, no,
Hodge hath ſeene that his father nere ſhall know
Of wenching matters, but hee'le keepe that in
And tell him other ſights, where he hath bin;
As of the Tower, and the Lyons there,
Of Paris garden, and the Bull and Beare,
Of Weſtminſter, what monuments there be,
And what two mighty Giants *Hodge* did ſee
With fearefull countenances in *Guild-hall*,
The old *Exchange*, the new *Exchange* and all.
The water-workes, huge *Pauls*, old *Charingcroſſe*,
Strong London Bridge, at Billinſgate the *Boſſe*.
Nay *Hodge* hath ſeene ſhips, boats, and barges, which
Swim about London in a great large ditch,
And he hath vow'd he will not iogge away,
Tell he hath ſeene ſome pretty puppet play.

Tom

Epigram.

TOm Tempeſt fell at ſtriſe with Steuen Storme,
And fel'd him with a pintpot from a forme,
Storme rows'd himſelfe, and fiercely did rebound,
At cruell Tempeſt, with a ſtabbing wound;
But it was done in a moſt coward kinde,
In his breech backward, where he breaketh winde;
The Vintner (being of the ſeparation)
Comes in and lends his wiſeſt exhortation,
Tempeſt, and *Storme* (my windy brethren both)
In ſadneſſe and in truth, without an oath,
You are to blame to draw that Iron toole,
And make my ciuill houſe a fencing ſchoole,
This is the force of your exceſſiue wine,
I rather will take downe my buſh and ſigne,
Then liue by men of riotous expence;
In peace I ſay, *Brethren* depart you hence.
I will not take a penny for the ſhot,
And furthermore, I'le melt that bloody pot,
Which is polluted thus with ſanguine gore,
All's paid, y'are welcome when y'are out of doore.

FINIS.

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